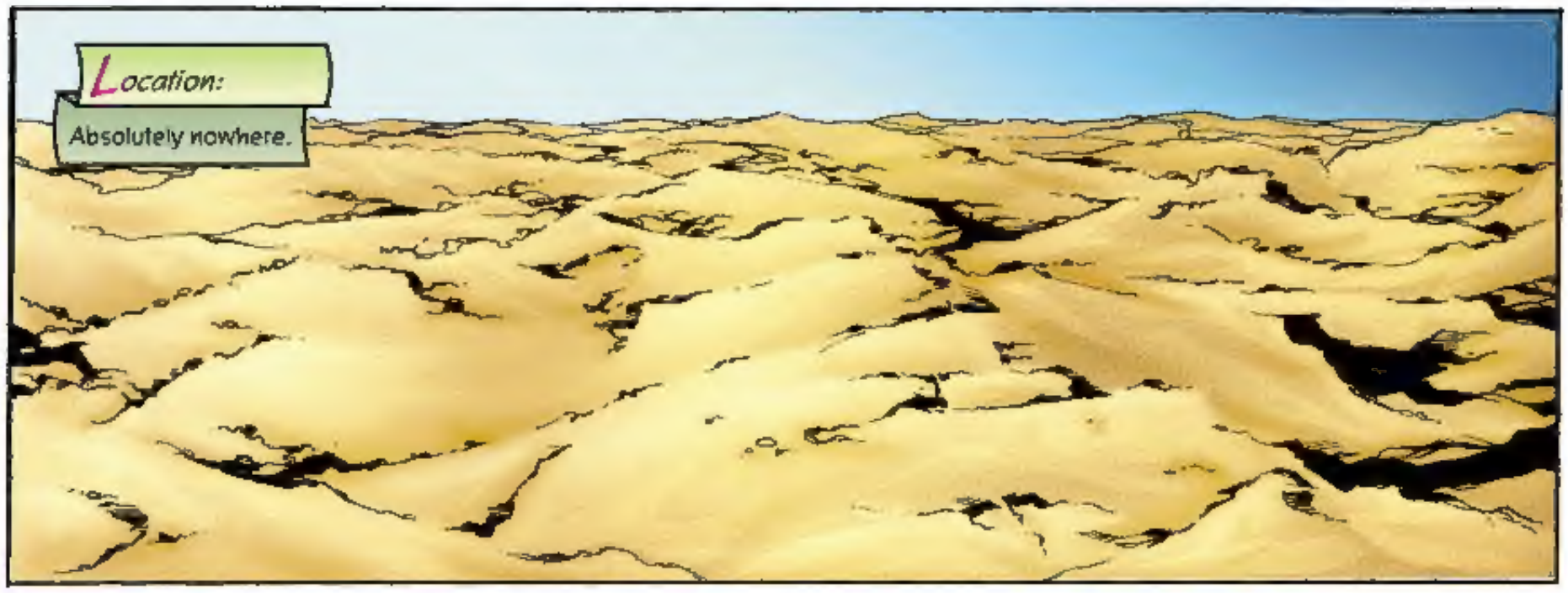
MARVEL COMICS

BLOCKBUSTER FIRST ISSUE!

EXILES

1

THE SAGA BEGINS HERE!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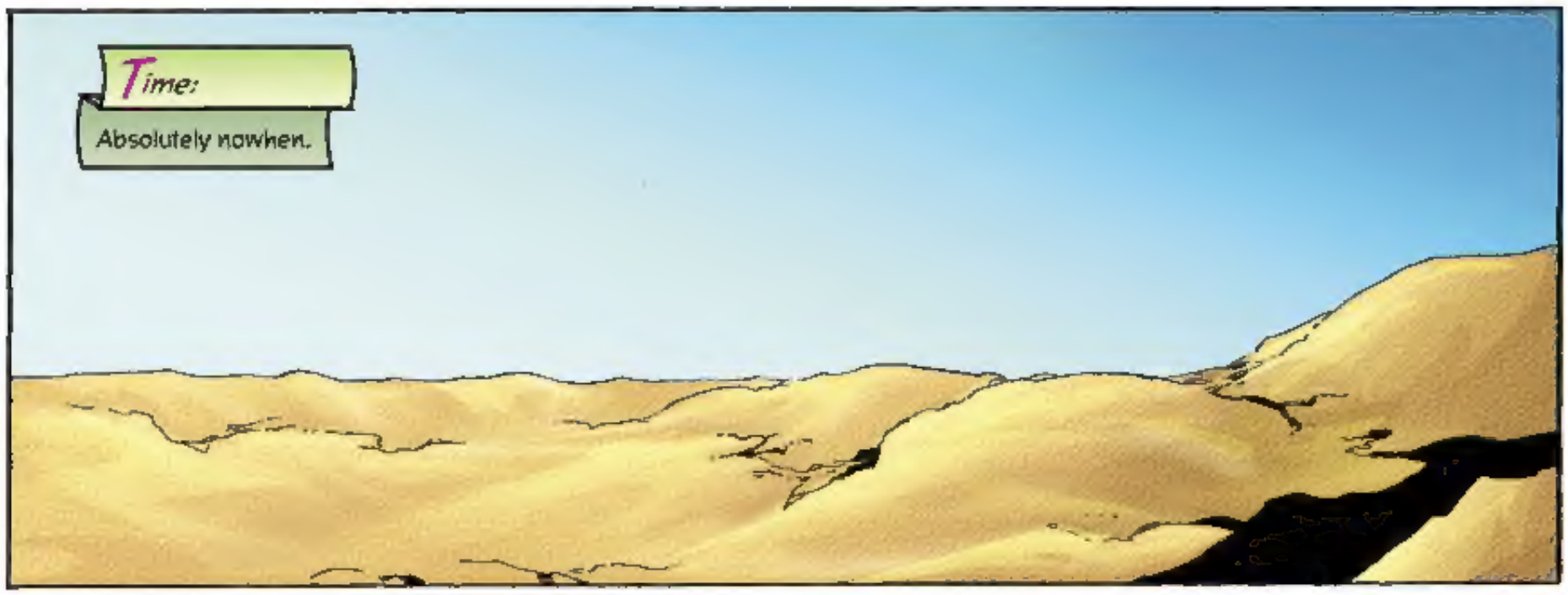
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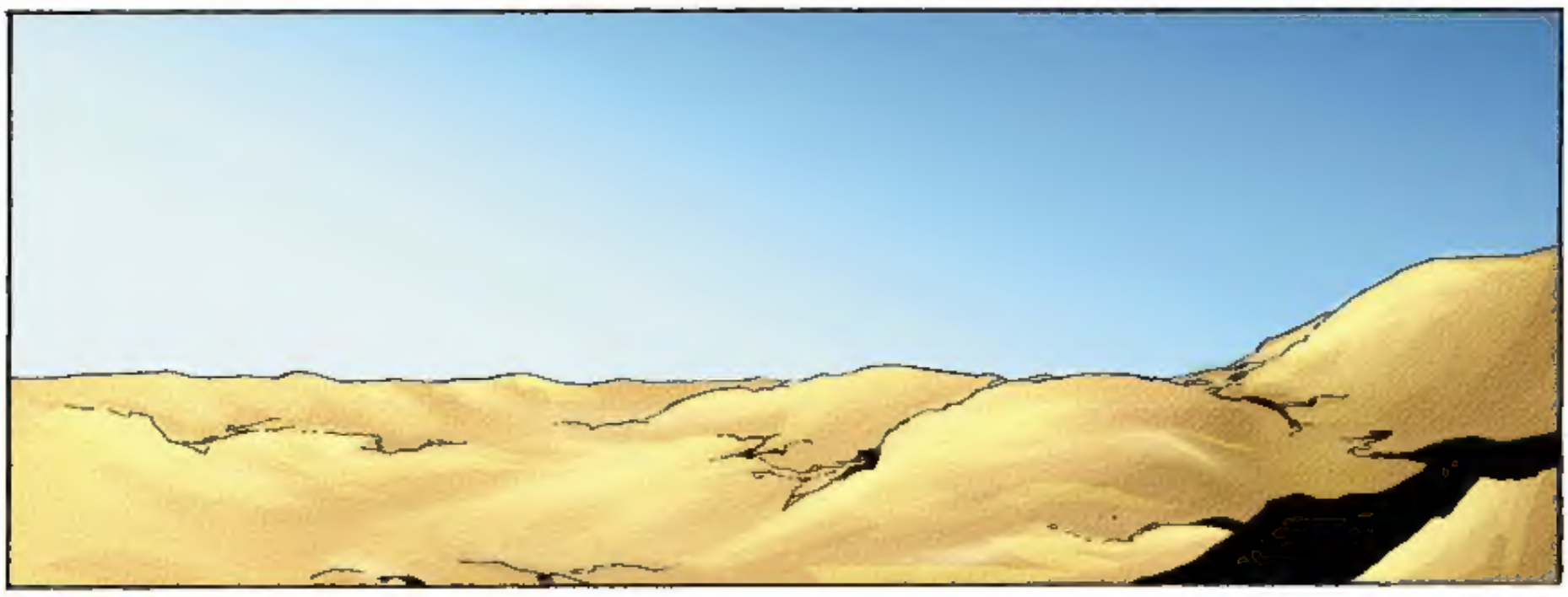

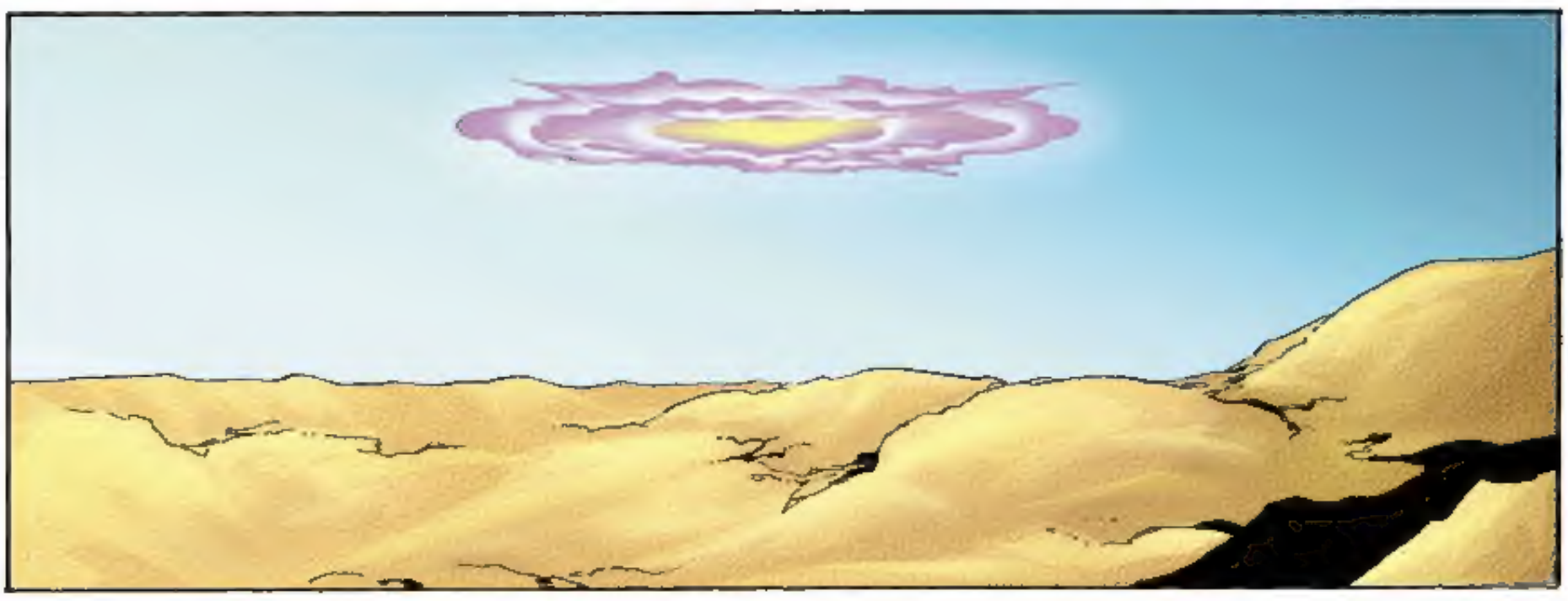

SIX STRANGERS, EACH AN X-MAN FROM A DIFFERENT REALITY, BROUGHT TOGETHER TO INSURE THAT LIFE AS WE KNOW IT DOESN'T CEASE TO EXIST! BLINK — TELEPORTER; MIMIC — POWERED BY HIS REALITY'S X-MEN; MAGNUS — SON OF MAGNETO AND ROGUE; THUNDERBIRD — SUPER-STRENGTH AND SENSES; NOCTURNE — DAUGHTER OF NIGHTCRAWLER; AND MORPH — SHAPE-CHANGING FUNNY MAN. DESTINED TO FIX THE KINKS IN THE CHAINS OF REALITY, STAN LEE PRESENTS THE

EXILES

DOWN THE RABBIT HOLE

BLOOOK!

AAAAAAH!

OOF!

PWOOOSH!

Her name is Clarice Ferguson.

Known to many as BLINK

Her world, her life, and her reality have completely changed.

She just doesn't *know* it yet.

Uck...

Blink comes from a world where Professor Charles Xavier's dream of tolerance, equality, and enlightenment never came to pass.

Instead, Apocalypse's dark vision of mutant superiority, human servitude, and death to all who stood in his way was the life she knew.

THE AGE OF APOCALYPSE

Her life was one fraught with pain but perseverance. She spent years jailed, tormented and isolated...

...and then battled her former captors and oppressors in an attempt to overthrow their regime.

It was an existence that was never *supposed* to exist.

And just a moment ago, it ceased to be.

She and her fellow *X-Men* were victorious.

Now she will have to begin anew.

WHERE THE HELL *IS* EVERY-BODY?

OH, DON'T COMPLAIN SO MUCH. AT LEAST YOU HAVE *CLOTHES* ON.

WHO--?

JUMPY, AIN'T WE?

RELAX. I RARELY FIGHT PEOPLE IN MY UNDERWEAR.

"...HOW THEY *GOT* IN MY UNDERWEAR, I'LL NEVER KNOW..."

YOU LOOK LIKE *NIGHTCRAWLER.*

AND SO DO *YOU.*

KIND OF.

BUT *MY* EXCUSE IS PROBABLY MORE REASONABLE.

KURT WAGNER IS MY *FATHER.* I'M TALIA JOSEPHINE WAGNER.

T.J.

HOW DO YOU KNOW MY DAD?

WE USED TO... FIGHT TOGETHER... IN THE X-MEN...

I DIDN'T KNOW HE HAD A DAUGHTER... ALTHOUGH YOU TEND TO GET USED TO SURPRISES... LIFE BEING WHAT IT IS.

YOU'RE REALLY HIS *DAUGHTER?*

YEAH. WHEN WERE *YOU* AN X-MAN? I KNOW THE HISTORY PRETTY WELL. BEYOND MY DAD SPINNING YARNS, IT'S REQUIRED READING AT *SCHOOL*. BUT I DON'T RECALL EVER SEEING YOU.

WHAT "*HISTORY*"? IT'S NOT LIKE--

A BEACH? *GREAT.* AND ME WITHOUT MY SUN BLOCK.

MORPH! OH GOD, MORPH! YOU'RE *ALIVE!*

YEAH. ALIVE AND GETTING MY ALABASTER SKIN *ROASTED.*

YOU'RE ALIVE! YOU'RE *REALLY* ALIVE! I DIDN'T KNOW IF WE WERE GOING TO *SURVIVE* IT ALL!

BUT WE'RE HERE! YOU'RE NOT *HURT,* ARE YOU? YOU LOOK OKAY. DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT THAT *PORTAL* WAS? IT WASN'T ONE OF MINE! *HA!*

WELL, SOMEONE'S A *WEE* BIT OVER-STIMULATED. NO MORE CAPPUCCINOS FOR YOU!

WHERE ARE THE OTHERS? THEY'RE OKAY, RIGHT? ARE THEY COMING?

SHOULD WE GO GET THEM?

GET *WHO?*

HAHAHAHA! STOP *FOOLING!* EVERYONE'S OKAY, RIGHT?

LOOK-- SWEETIE-- I AM *NEVER* ONE TO STOP A WOMAN FROM EMPHATICALLY PRESSING HERSELF AGAINST ME-- AND BY ALL MEANS, *CONTINUE--*

--BUT *WHO* ARE YOU?

Oh, Morph...

DON'T YOU KNOW ME?

CAN'T SAY I DO, BUT THAT CAN *CHANGE,* BABY.

C'MON, LET'S HIT THE CONCESSION STAND. MY TREAT.

SOMETHING IS *WRONG.*

VERY, VERY WRONG.

OOP.

SHE STOPPED WITH THE HUGGING. I SHOULDN'T HAVE SAID ANYTHING.

HOW ABOUT *YOU,* GORGEOUS? WANT SOME SUGAR?

I'M GOOD, THANKS.

TELL ME, WHAT WERE EACH OF YOU DOING BEFORE YOU GOT HERE?

ALONG WITH MY FELLOW X-MEN, I WAS BATTLING THE CURSED *STONEHENGE!*

WHO'S *STONE-HENGE?*

THAT WAS OUR POINT AS WELL.

"WHO *ARE* YOU, DUDE? WHY ARE YOU DRESSED LIKE A DRUID AND SETTING THINGS ON FIRE WITH YOUR *FEET?*" *BIG* MESS.

I WAS RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF A SERIOUS FANNY KICKING WHEN I GOT SUCKED INTO A GIANT GLOWING HOLE.

I DID THE E-TICKET RIDE, FELL DOWN HERE IN MIAMI, AND THAT'S WHEN YOU STARTED *GROPING* ME.

DITTO FOR ME.

MINUS THE HUGGING AND THE DRUID WITH FLAMING TOOTSIES. I WAS IN BED.

I WAS IN BED, AS WELL, BEFORE BEING TRANSPORTED HERE...

...WHEREVER "*HERE*" IS.

HE'S A BIG *'UN,* huh?

YOU GOT THAT RIGHT.

JAMES? IS THAT YOU?

NO. *JOHN.*

JOHN PROUDSTAR.

JAMES IS *DEAD.*

OH, JOHN. *WOW.* YOU REMIND ME OF YOUR BROTHER JAMES.

JAMES? NO, HE'S NOT! I SAW HIM LAST NIGHT-- *YOU'RE* THE ONE WHO'S SUPPOSED TO BE-- I MEAN...

YOU FOLLOWING ANY OF THIS?

NOT PARTICU-LARLY.

AND *"CASPER THE CHANGELING"* HERE WAS NEVER A MEMBER OF THE X-MEN, EITHER!

OH, BUT I *AM.* I'VE GOT I.D. CARDS, A ROOM AT THE MANSION, SWEATSUITS WITH X's ON THEM-- THE *WORKS.*

IT'S ALL RIGHT, TJ, I DON'T THINK *ANYTHING* IS WHAT IT SEEMS.

NOR ARE WE *ALONE.*

HEY, GANG! ARE YOU ALL AS *LOST* AS I AM?

NOW, *THIS* ONE, I KNOW.

MIMIC.

A ZILLION YEARS AGO HE WAS AN X-MAN FOR LIKE *TEN MINUTES.*

A *LITERAL* ZILLION, OR IS THAT SOME CUTE *GEN-Y* OVER-STATEMENT?

QUIET, MORPH. YEAH, WE'RE CLUELESS, TOO.

HELLO.

I'M IN THE DARK AS WELL, BUT I'M REASONABLY SURE--

--WE'RE SUPPOSED TO HEAD *THAT WAY.*

BBBBLLLL

BLINK!

OKAY, SIR, WE'VE ALL ENJOYED THIS GAME, BUT THE *FUN'S OVER*--WE WANT *ANSWERS!*

YOU CAN SAY *THAT* AGAIN. GRAB A CHAIR. WHO WANTS COFFEE? I THINK WE'VE GOT SOME DANISH, HERE TOO...

. . THOUGHT I SAW A BEAR CLAW SOME WHERE . .

IF YOU LIKE, I MIGHT EVEN--

EEEEEE!

GEEZLOUISE-- SO WE WON'T SERVE *PASTRIES!*

CHILL OUT, SLICK.

WHO ARE YOU? WHY HAVE YOU *DRAGGED US* OUT HERE?

AND WHAT'S WITH THESE *MIND TRICKS?* SOMETHING FROM MYSTERIO? MASTERMIND?

TELL US NOW AND WE'LL GO *EASY* ON YOU.

IF YOU'D ALL JUST *RELAX* A MOMENT AND CONCENTRATE, YOU'D *KNOW* WHAT YOU ALREADY *FEEL.*

YOU'RE ALL FIGHTERS OF THE GOOD FIGHT AND HAVE TO RELY *HERVILY* ON YOUR INTU TION-- YOUR *GUTS.*

WHAT ARE YOUR GUTS *TELLING* YOU NOW?

THAT THIS IS NOT A *DREAM.* I'M NOT THE THREAT NO ONE .S MESSING WITH YOUR NOGGINS AND THIS IS *NOT* SOME RUSE OF A SUPER BADDIE.

THIS IS *REAL.*

AND YOU ARE IN *SERIOUS* TROUBLE.

NOW, COULD YOU PLEASE PUT ME *DOWN?*

I HAVE MUFF NS BURNING.

...

SURE.

THIS IS BIZARRE. ARE YOU BUYING *ANY* OF THIS?

YEAH. HE'S RIGHT. I CAN *SENSE* IT, CAN'T YOU? WE'RE IN DEEP BUT HE'S GOT *NOTHING* TO DO WITH IT.

SO ARE YOU A FAN OF THESE "BUTT MONKEYS", OR DO YOU JUST DIG THE FIT OF THE JERSEY?

THEY'RE *MY BAND*. AND YOU'RE JUST MAKING AN EXCUSE TO LOOK AT MY *CHEST*.

TRUE ENOUGH.

NOW, WHO WANTS COFFEE?

OH YEAH, I'D *KILL* FOR SOME!

WHAT'S "COFFEE"?

YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT *COFFEE* IS?

I SPENT MY LIFE IN A *WAR ZONE*. I HAVEN'T HAD REAL *TOILET PAPER* SINCE I WAS IN PRISON.

OH, YOU'RE GONNA BE A LOT OF LAUGHS.

GANG, PLEASE, CAN WE GET ON WITH THIS?

RIGHT-O.

THE SHORT VERSION. YOU'RE ALL FROM DIFFERENT DIMENSIONS-- *ALTERNATE REALITIES*.

THAT SHOULD EXPLAIN SOME OF THE CONFUSION. THE WHOLE "AREN'T YOU DEAD-- HE NEVER HAD A DAUGHTER-- YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE THIS IN *MY* NECK OF THE WOODS" THING.

WITH THAT IN MIND, LET'S GET A LITTLE *HISTORY* ON EACH OF YOU.

FLAT TV. *NICE*.

CAN WE WATCH PORN?

NOPE. THIS WILL SIMPLY TELL YOU A LITTLE BIT ABOUT EACH OTHER AND THE WORLDS THAT YOU COME FROM. WATCH AND LEARN.

She's Taila Josephine "T J" Wagner

Nocturne.

The daughter of one of her world's greatest X-Men. Possessing much of his ability and bravado but many more talents of her own. She was raised under the watchful eye of her parents.

And under the tute age of Charles Xavier's School.

She quickly moved up the ranks to be an X-Man in her own right, and to fight at the side of her father.

Le by W verin
Profe sor X' ratne
an a tean cons
seas ned ve rans
killed eapon

It is her *family.*

It is a life she *loves.*

He's John Proudstar.

Thunderbird.

Hand-picked by Professor X to join his second incarnation of the X-Men Proven to be a formidable warrior with a spirit only matched by his strength.

It is unknown which of these qualities captured the attention of *Apocalypse.*

He was made a d sc ple. Enhanced, reformed, remade

If one were to ask John Proudstar about that day, he would say it was the day he was *murdered.*

But no one ever asks

His servitude was short lived.

And his indomitable spirit, tortured into rage set him free

He returned to the X-Men, but not as the same man.

His whole life, Thunderbird sought to find personal peace and a justification for his ex stence

Now he s further away from the answer than ever

He is *Magnus*.

Child of Magneto and Rogue.

So fraught with complications, his birth seemed m raculous. And such a blessing for the two long-troubled souls that brought him into the world.

As he grew, so did his abilities

It was obvious to all that Magnus would become even more adept, more powerful than the master of magnetism who sired him.

Unfortunate for a , he adopted a trait not unlike one of his mother's. When his flesh meets another s, they are transformed into *pure steel*.

He grew to be a distant, reclusive man. One who always carries the knowledge that he can *kill* with but a sing e touch.

The jovial *Morph* has met with noth ng but success.

As a child, he was always able to hide h s shape-shifting ability It left him free of scorn and very well adjusted

When d scovered by Charles Xavier and brought to his Schoo for Gifted Youngsters, he took to training those abilities with an enthusiasm and humor that both ingratiated and annoyed.

He began as a New Mutant, then an X Man, then even an Avenger.

But now, he has returned home, rejoining the team that is also his family

Mimic. A young man with the ability to copy the powers of others.

Born into poverty and fueled by rage, the young Calvin Rankin found himself drawn towards *darker* elements

The Brotherhood of Evil Mutants.

Professor Charles Xavier saw past the arrogance and wished to tap into Calvin's potential.

Charles reached out to the young man as no one had before

Calvin would join the School and thrive in its teachings

As a grown man, he has become a hero

He now *leads* the X-Men and is recognized as one of his world's *greatest* champions

His leadership and example have, in part, made this era of mutantkind the most accepted of any realm.

And then there is *Blink.*

Like many mutants born into the Age of Apocalypse, she was ripped from her home as a child.

She grew up in a miserable hell called the *pens,* where she was subjected daily to medical experiments and alterations of her genetic make-up

Salvation arrived in the form of Victor Creed.

Sabretooth.

Under his watchful eye she became a member of her world's X-Men.

For many arduous years they fought the war against the monster demi-god *Apocalypse*

Apocalypse's defeat ended in sacrifice. The dark domain came *undone* so a better world could be reborn

And Blink fell through the cracks of reality

SO THERE YOU ARE, KIDDOS... THAT'S WHO YOU ARE

AN AMAZING, TALENTED, AND AS ECLECTIC A GROUP AS YOU'RE *EVER* GONNA GET. THAT'S THE GOOD NEWS.

THE BAD NEWS... IS THAT YOU'VE COME UNDONE IN TIME.

BUT WHAT DOES--

I'M GOING TO TELL YOU, T.J.

I AM A *TIME BROKER*-- THAT IS MY FUNCTION.

TIME ITSELF IS LIKE A LIV NG BE NG. IT HAS SHAPE, IT HAS MOTION, IT HAS GROWTH. THINK OF THE FLUID MOTION OF TIME AS A LONG MASSIVE *DNA CHAIN.*

ALL ALONG THIS CHA N ARE STRANDS THAT MAKE UP THE VARIOUS REALITIES. AND THERE ARE A *BUNCH* OF THEM. TR LLIONS UPON TRILL ONS OF THEM.

TRILL ONS? YOU'RE KIDDING, RIGHT?

HAS *ANY* OF THIS BEEN FUNNY, KID? YEAH, *TRILLIONS* OF TRILLIONS. N SOME WORLDS, YOUR INDIVIDUAL LIFE ESSENCE IS THE OPPOSITE SEX, IN SOME-- YOU'RE APES, IN SOME--JUST PROTOZOA, IN OTHERS-- MERE ENERGY SIGNATURES.

YOU JUST *KNOW* THE "CHICK" ME IS HOT.

SHUT UP

BUT JUST AS WITH ACTUAL DNA, THERE ARE STRANDS THAT ARE "*BAD*", A BALDNESS GENE. A BLINDNESS GENE. A CANCER GENE.

BUT THEY DON'T NECESSARILY AFFECT THE BODY. THEY M GHT BE BENIGN, OR THE PROPER COMB NATION OF STRANDS NEVER COMES ABOUT TO MAKE A THREAT.

IT'S THE SAME WITH TIME WE HAVE MALFORMATIONS, SUDDEN BREAKS, CRACKS, BUMPS IN THE CHA N.

IN MOST CASES THEY DON'T AFFECT MUCH OF ANYTHING. YOU BUY A DIFFERENT CAR, YOU MISS A LUNCH DATE, YOUR VCR DOESN'T RECORD, OR NOTHING AT ALL...

BUT UNFORTUNATELY, THERE ARE *"HICCUPS"*, AND VERY WELL STRUCTURED ONES. THERE WILL BE A *BREAK* IN TIME THAT WILL CAUSE A DOMINO EFFECT INTO OTHER PARALLEL WORLDS. ONE HICCUP INTO ANOTHER AND INTO ANOTHER. THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED TO ALL OF YOU. THERE HAS BEEN A *RIPPLE IN TIME.*

NEW EVENTS IN YOUR PAST HAVE TRANSPIRED AND ALTERED EACH OF THE PATHS THAT YOU NOW LIVE.

MAGNUS, YOUR MOTHER WAS ACCIDENTALLY KILLED A WEEK AFTER YOUR THIRTEENTH BIRTHDAY. YOU TURNED HER INTO STEEL. YOUR FATHER NEVER RECOVERED FROM THE LOSS AND HE WILL LATER RESUME HIS BATTLE ON HUMANITY.

WHEN ON YOUR FIRST MISSION WITH THE BROTHERHOOD OF EVIL MUTANTS, MIMIC, YOU ALL ATTEMPTED TO KIDNAP SENATOR ROBERT KELLY. IT WAS UNSUCCESSFUL. HE WAS MURDERED ALONG WITH A BUS FULL OF BYSTANDERS. FORTY-SEVEN WERE KILLED IN ALL.

MORPH, WHILE STILL WITH THE NEW MUTANTS, YOU WERE INJURED BATTLING THE MORLOCKS. YOUR PHYSICAL COMPOSITION WAS DISRUPTED. EVER SINCE YOU HAVE REMAINED COMATOSE IN LIQUID FORM, RESTING WITHIN A BEAKER IN HANK MCCOY'S LAB.

YOU NOW SIT ON DEATH ROW.

NOCTURNE, YOUR FATHER WAS KILLED DURING A BATTLE WITH THE HELLFIRE CLUB. IT WOULD BE AT THE HAND OF YOUR GRANDMOTHER, MYSTIQUE.

YOU NEVER WRESTED YOURSELF FROM APOCALYPSE'S GRASP, THUNDERBIRD. YOU REMAINED HIS SOLDIER. HIS SERVANT.

BLINK, YOU WERE *NEVER BORN.*

I KNOW, GANG. IT'S A *LOT* TO TAKE IN.

THE LIVES YOU LIVED HAVE BEEN REWRITTEN, BUT NOW YOU HAVE THE *OPPORTUNITY* TO CHANGE THEM BACK

YOU WILL HAVE TO REPAIR THE BREAKS IN THE CHAIN OF TIME THAT CAUSED THESE RIPPLES.

THE BREAKS ARE INCIDENTS IN DIFFERENT REALITIES, AND WHILE NOT *APPEARING* TO DIRECTLY AFFECT YOU, I ASSURE YOU THEY DO.

YOU WILL BE REALIGNING THE DOMINOS SO THEY WON'T FALL ON TOP OF YOU. IN TURN, YOU WILL GET YOUR *LIVES* BACK.

IF SUCCESSFUL, YOU'LL RETURN TO EXACTLY WHEN YOU LEFT. UNAGED AND UNCHANGED.

BUT THE DANGERS ARE REAL. YOU CAN BE INJURED, YOU CAN *DIE*, AND YOU CAN FAIL--WHICH WOULD RETURN YOU TO THESE UNFORTUNATE NEW EXISTENCES.

EXCEPT *YOU*, KIDDO. YOU SCREW UP--YOU'RE NOT GOING *ANYWHERE*, YOU'RE VAPOR.

THANK YOU

YOU'LL NEED THIS--THE *TALLUS*. IT WILL BE YOUR GUIDE--INSTRUCTING YOU AS BEST IT CAN ON WHAT IS NEEDED TO REPAIR THE BREAKS. ONCE COMPLETED, YOU CAN MOVE ON TO YOUR NEXT REALITY AND YOUR NEXT MISS ON.

"AS BEST IT CAN"?

IT'S ALL *PROBABILITY*, CHICO. IT'S KIND OF A CRAP SHOOT.

DELIGHTFUL.

IN CONJUNCTION WITH BLINK'S TELEPORTATION POWER, THE TALLUS WILL ALLOW YOU TO JUMP TO EACH REALITY.

WHAT ABOUT YOU? ARE YOU COMING TO HELP US?

ME? NO.

I DON'T EXIST IN THE *CONVENTIONAL* SENSE. I'M KIND OF LIKE A LIVING VERB. THE SAME WITH THE DESERT HERE. IT'S NOT A LITERAL PLACE. IT AND I ARE CONSTRUCTS CREATED FROM THE COLLECTIVE CONSCIOUSNESS OF EACH OF YOU. I'M HOW YOUR MINDS ARE DEALING WITH THIS TRAUMA.

TRAUMA?

OH YEAH-- YOU'RE *FREAKING OUT*, AND YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW IT.

SO ENDETH THE LESSON.

I'LL BE IN TOUCH HERE AND THERE.

GOOD LUCK.

THAT'S IT? WAIT, WHAT IF--

B-OOONC!

EVERYONE LOOK ALIVE-- *WE'RE AIRBORNE!*

GEEZ, ARE WE BACK WHERE WE *STARTED?*

NO, NOT UNLESS SOMEONE WAS THROWING *BEER CANS* OUT OF CAR W NDOWS IN OUR TRAUMATIZED CONSCIOUS-NESS.

WHERE ARE WE EXACTLY?

RELAX. WE WERE, LIKE, TWENTY FEET UP. WE CAN MANAGE.

THIRTY-THREE MILES OUTSIDE OF PHOENIX.

HOW DO YOU KNOW THAT?

I *READ* IT.

AND THE TALLUS SAYS WE'RE SUPPOSED TO FIND "*THE ONE WHO WOULD LEAD US*" WHATEVER THE HELL THAT -

WHEN DID IT SAY THAT?

YEAH?

IT JUST SAID IT AGAIN. CAN'T YOU GUYS HEAR IT?

NOPE, JUST YOU.

SPEAK UP, OH GREAT TALLUS! I'M A MILKSHAKE IN BEAST'S LAB!

WHO WOULD LEAD US? WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?

LET'S GET OUT OF THE DESERT ALREADY-- I NEED SOME CLOTHES.

LIKEWISE

HEY, GANG...

...LET'S GO SHOPPING.

ZZT!

The MELTZER-FLAM mall outside of Phoenix

"FIND OUT ANYTHING ABOUT THIS REALITY YET? IS IT RUN BY *APES* OR ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE WIELDING *CYBORGS* OR SOMETHING?"

SOMPUTER

NOPE. POKING AROUND THE INTERNET HERE, I'M JUST FINDING WALL-TO-WALL PEOPLE. WHAT I'M *NOT* FINDING ARE SUPER BEINGS. OR MUTANTS.

NOBODY. NO *X-MEN*, NO *SCHOOL FOR GIFTED YOUNGSTERS*, NO *FANTASTIC FOUR*... HELL, THERE'S NO *AVENGERS*...

WHOA, CHATTY TALLUS! GENTS, I'M GETTING ANOTHER BULLETIN.

IT SAYS THAT THIS WORLD DEC DED LONG AGO TO HAVE *ZERO TOLERANCE* FOR HOMO SUPER OR AND SUPER BEINGS. THEY'VE ALL BEEN JAILED, EXECUTED OR ABORTED.. IT'S BEEN GOING ON FOR FIFTY YEARS.

THERE IS NO ONE-- I MEAN *NO ONE*-- LEFT.

HEY, KIDS! I FOUND THIS *GREAT* LEATHER SHOP.

FOUND THESE IN A SPORTING GOODS STORE.

WE'RE *BACK IN BUSINESS!*

YOU WERE BOTH WEARING *MORE* CLOTHING *BEFORE* THE NEW OUTFITS.

JOHN-JOHN ACTUALLY FOUND HIS IN ONE OF THOSE *"BIG GALS"* CLOTHING STORES. BUT I PROMISED NOT TO TELL AS LONG AS HE DIDN'T MENTION HE SAW ME *NAKED.*

YOU CARE THAT HE SAW YOU NAKED, CHA-CHA?

NAH, BUT I WANTED HIM TO FEEL LIKE HE HAD LEVERAGE.

WE'RE NOT DONE HERE, GANG-- IT'S STILL TALKING...

"...FIND THE ONE WHO WOULD LEAD YOU."

"FIND YOUR GREATEST TEACHER."

CHARLES XAVIER.

YOU MEAN THE GUY WHO CREATED THE SCHOOL YOU ALL WENT TO?

WELL, I *GUESS* IT COULD BE HIM.

GUESS NOTHING. "*YOUR GREATEST TEACHER*". IT'S THE PROFESSOR, WHO ELSE? THE TALLUS ISN'T SAYING "*NO*", IS IT?

NO, IT ISN'T.

GREAT, NOW ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS *FIND* HIM. IF HE'S EVEN ALIVE.

WELL, I COULD MAKE A *CEREBRO*, BUT WE'D NEED SOMEONE TELEPATHIC TO OPERATE IT.

I COULD.

I HAVE SOME LIMITED RESIDUAL TELEPATHY FROM WHEN I MIMICKED JEAN GREY.

I WAS BORN WITH A LITTLE.

HOOK 'EM UP

I'M TRYING TO COMPENSATE FOR YOUR LACK OF PSYCHIC ABILITIES WITH STOLEN ELECTRICAL POWER... BUT YOU'RE GO NG TO NEED TO *EXERT* YOURSELVES!

OH, *GOOD!* I WAS JUST PLANN NG TO *PHONE* IT IN!

JUST... A LITTLE... MORE!

NNN--aaa--

Nevada.

He's alive

"...IMPRISONED IN A HOLDING FACILITY IN THE NEVADA DESERT."

There was a team consensus that a world without Reed Richards, Tony Stark or Bruce Banner would not have made the technological leap forward that other realities would.

The ease with which they hacked into a Maximum Security prison camp's main frame from a computer at a shopping ma. only further validated that hypothesis.

Without raising many eyebrows, they even blacked out half of Phoenix while siphoning energy to power the Cerebro.

They approached the "jai' break" of Charles Xavier with great confidence

They tripped every sensor that was turned on and a few that weren't.

But in hindsight, it st *never* hurts to have a positive attitude

THIS IS *NOT* GOING ACCORDING TO PLAN! WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT "STEALTH APPROACH" EVERYBODY WAS GO NG ON ABOUT!?

WELL, *THEY* STARTED IT WITH ALL THOSE LASER CANNONS, SONIC BOOMS AND POWER DAMPENING NETS!

"WHAT'S A GIRL TO DO?" YR' START BREAKING HEADS!

I DON'T AGREE WITH THE ASSESSMENT, BUT I CONCUR WITH ITS *SPIRIT.*

WE SERIOUSLY UNDERESTIMATED THE TECHNOLOGICAL APTITUDE OF THIS COMPLEX. WE AREN'T LEFT WITH MUCH ALTERNATIVE BUT *"PLAN B"!*

BRACH!

SNNKT!

Plan B was not a master stroke of strategic design, either

It was your basic rule of magic.

Distraction.

Make a big noise in one direction while you substitute the showgirl for the white Siberian tiger.

And for their distraction-- they had some pretty *impressive* looking tigers.

SKRAAAACCK!

LEVEL D! LEVEL D! THIS IS MAX-S DISPATCH! WE INDICATE A BREACH ON SECTOR SEVEN! CAN YOU CONFIRM?!

Uh, yeah... VISUAL CONFIRMATION OF... ANOTHER INTRUDER.

WHAT'S THE VISUAL ID? WHAT HAVE YOU GOT DOWN THERE?

THIS ONE'S *BIG!* A HALF *TON* OF H.M AT LEAST! WE MAY NEED *REINFORCEMENTS!* AND ENGAGE THE MOBILE DAMPENERS, MAYBE WE CAN--

RRRripp!

OH MY GOD!! SEND *HELP!* WE'RE GONNA NEED *HELP!!*

IF IT'S A CONTAINMENT PROBLEM, WE'LL SEAL THE SECTOR.

NO! WE NEED TO GET THE @#$% OUT OF HERE!

SETTLE DOWN, SERGEANT! WE'LL DO--

HELLO? REPORT! REPORT!

DISPATCH TWO-- ARE YOU HEARING THIS?

SOUNDS LIKE A *WHOLE* LOTTA GIRL F SCREAMING.

THAT'S WHAT I'M HEARING. TRY AND SEAL THE SECTOR--

"--AND FOR GOD'S SAKE, CAN WE GET A *HEAD COUNT* ON THE NUMBER OF INTRUDERS--

"--AND FIND OUT WHAT THE HELL THEY'RE *DOING* HERE?"

BLINK!

I DID SAY WE SHOULD BE MORE *CAUTIOUS*, DIDN'T I?

I DIDN'T WANT TO 'PORT ALL OF US INTO THE MAIN BUILDING. I SHOULD HAVE GONE AHEAD, DONE A LITTLE RECON, BUT *NO*--

ENOUGH. I *AGREE* WITH YOU. I'M SURE EVERYONE WOULD AGREE WITH YOU, BUT LET'S JUST DO WHAT WE CAME HERE FOR.

FINE. I'M JUST SAYING THAT I WAS SAYING, OKAY?

WHICH CELL IS HE IN?

UNLESS HE'S BEEN MOVED IN THE LAST TWENTY-FOUR HOURS, THE PRISONER LOG PUTS HIM IN CELL 9.

THE SCHEMATICS SAY THIS IS IT.

HE'LL BE OUT IN A MOMENT.

ANYTHING IN THOSE FILES ABOUT HOW HE WAS CONTAINED? XAVIER IS THE MOST POWERFUL PSYCHIC OF THIS GENERATION. HOW THEY COULD EVER HOPE TO STOP--

God almighty, Charles.

They pulled out all the stops, didn't they?

I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S BEEN DONE TO YOU, SIR, BUT *HANG ON.*

THE WORST IS OVER, I *PROMISE.*

AAH!

T.J., I'VE GOT YOUR BACK! HEAD FOR HIGH GROUND AND GET READY FOR *EVAC!*

I'LL CLEAR US SOME *ROOM* HERE!

CAN ANYONE *HEAR ME?!* ARE THESE DAMNED MICRO-TRANSMITTERS MAGNUS MADE *WORKING?!*

DAMN IT!

WHERE'D ALL YOU *IDIOTS* COME FROM?

BL'INK SAYS THEY'VE GOT HIM AND THEY'RE TELEPORTING OUT!

WE CAN MAKE--

MAN, CAL- YOU MAY BE ONLY HALF AS STRONG AS COLOSSUS, BUT YOU CAN STILL DO A LOT OF *DAMAGE.*

Oh, WE AIM TO PLEASE.

YOU'RE NO SLOUCH, EITHER.

TELL ME SOMETHING I *DON'T* KNOW.

MORPH WANT GO *NOW!*

HIM GET SHOT AT MORE THAN MADONNA BY *PAPARAZZI!*

ME MISS *CHEETAH!* WHERE MY *MONKEY!?*

IF HE ALWAYS TALKS THAT WAY WE SHOULDN'T G VE HIM AN AUDIO TRANS-MITTER.

I'M GOING TO MAKE MY WAY BACK TO THE UPPER LEVELS.

I CAN GET OUT ON FOOT IF WE CAN'T TELEPORT, BUT I'LL HAVE TO *HURT* A LOT OF THESE WONKS ON THE WAY

I GOTCHA, T-BIRD.

WE'RE GONE.

BLINK!

BLINK!

BLINK!

BLINK!

HIS BREATHING SOUNDS WEIRD. MAYBE WE SHOULD GET HIM TO A HOSPITAL?

IT'S NOT *SAFE* TO TAKE HIM TO A HOSPITAL.

JUST SIT TIGHT. HE'S GOING TO BE OKAY, IT WILL JUST TAKE A WHILE.

TO GET ALL THAT WIRING OUT OF HIS HEAD, I HAD TO PERFORM THE EQUIVALENT OF *MICROSURGERY.* I'M SURE THEY PUMPED HIM FULL OF DRUGS AS WELL... HE JUST NEEDS SOME *TIME* TO RECOVER.

MAGNUS IS CORRECT. WE SHOULD FIND SHELTER AND SAFE COVER WHERE THE PROFESSOR CAN RECUPERATE.

I DON'T THINK HE'S A *PROFESSOR* IN THIS WORLD.

NOPE. JUST ONE OF THE MOST *POWERFUL* MUTANTS EVER BORN ON EARTH, OR WHATEVER THE HECK THEY CALL THIS INTOLERANT DUMP OF A PLANET.

WELL, OFFICIAL TITLES OR NOT, SIR, YOU ARE *STILL* OUR TEACHER. FROM THE SOUND OF IT, YOU'LL HAVE YOUR WORK CUT OUT FOR YOU. I CAN'T IMAGINE THE OBSTACLES YOU'LL FACE.

I CAN.

I SUPPOSE WE SHOULD SPLIT UP. HALF THE TEAM HEAD INTO THE CITY AND-- *WAIT!* HE'S *WAKING UP!*

I'm *free...?*

YOU *ARE*, SIR. YOU MOST LIKELY DON'T KNOW WHO WE ARE, BUT I CAN ASSURE YOU WE'RE HERE TO HELP.

HOWZIT GOIN', BIG MAN?

JUST REST. DON'T TRY TO SPEAK, SIR. WE'LL TELL YOU EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO KNOW.

SILLY GIRL.

I'M INSIDE YOUR *HEADS*.

I KNOW IT *ALREADY*.

"I AM NO TEACHER FOR THE *LIKES* OF YOU.

"WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU *ARE*?

"I'D SOONER *DIE* THAN HELP CREATE A SOCIETY WHERE MUTANTS AND HUMANS LIVE TOGETHER.

"WE ARE *HOMO SUPERIOR*. WE ARE THE NEXT EVOLUTIONARY STEP."

AND IT IS TIME WE ASSUMED OUR *PLACE* IN THE WORLD.

IT WILL BEGIN WITH THE *END* OF HUMANITY'S REIGN.

IT'S TIME FOR THE *EXTERMINATION* OF A *SPECIES*.